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LONDON.

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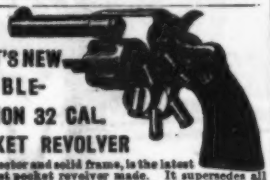

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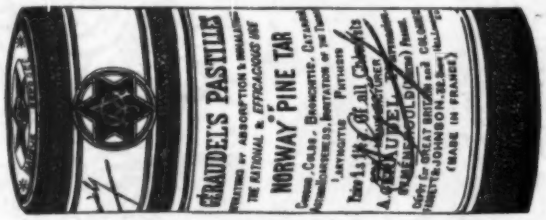

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For SPAIN, SICILY, the AZORES, &c.—The steamship GARONNE, 3,876 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, will leave London 20th April, visiting CADIZ (for Seville, &c.), TANGIER, MALAGA, PALERMO, ANCONA, VENICE, TRIEST, RAGUSA, CORFU, MALTA, PHILIPPEVILLE (for Constantine), ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth on 28th May, and London 29th May. Fare for the round cruise, 18 days, 55 guineas.

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(*For the Use of Schools.*)

EXAMPLE I.—"AMARI A-LIQUID."

THE LATEST CRAZE.

(*A Dramatic Study of Cause and Effect.*)

SCENE—*Interior of a Private Box at a Popular Theatre.*
Enter ANGELINA *and her people.*

Paterfamilias. Well, now that we are here, I hope you are satisfied. As for myself, I hate these problem plays.

Materfamilias. They are entirely the vogue just now, and we must see them. What everybody does we must do.

Angelina. So I told EDWIN—I should say, Mr. DOMUM—when he complained of our going.

Mater. Of course. We have to follow the fashion.

Pater. Hush! You must not talk any more, see the curtain has risen.

(*Five minutes pass.*)

First Heroine (*on the stage*). And so, my dear, my marriage was an utter failure. The monotony of the life was terrible. My husband anticipated my every wish. The tameness was too awful for words, and so I left him. [*Loud applause.*

Mater. (*to her husband*). Ah, I never left you, RICHARD!

Pater. (*to his wife*). Nor I you, BRIDGET!

Angelina (*aside*). I suppose married life must be very wearisome.

(*Ten minutes pass.*)

Second Heroine (*on the stage*). And now I will tell you the secret of my life. I never loved my husband. He gave me all I required—fine clothes, sparkling jewels, an opera box. But his presents were insults in disguise, and I left him. [*Loud applause.*

Pater. I did not insult you by handing you too many gifts, BRIDGET?

Mater. Indeed you did not, RICHARD. In fact, I think you carried your abstention too far.

Pater. Not at all. See, after these many years, we are devoted to one another!

Angelina (*aside*). Failure of Marriage Number Two! Weddings seem to be mistake!

(*Two hours pass.*)

Third Heroine. I tell you, my Lord Bishop, that I have never regretted leaving you. Twenty years ago you were a young curate, and you spoilt our married life by your indulgence. You let me have everything I wanted. No, my Lord, I will hear no more.

Angelina (*aside*). Another matrimonial failure! I really must have a good think over it.

Pater. (*to* Mater.). Well, I hope you are satisfied!

Mater. (*to* Pater.). Awfully depressing, but I don't see what harm it can do to anyone.

(*An hour passes.*)

Angelina (*writing in her own room*). "Dear EDWIN, I call you by your christian name, for the last time. I can never be yours. I am convinced from all I have heard that marriage is a failure. Sincerely yours, ANGELINA." [*Scene closes in upon a flood of tears.*

HEXAMETERS TO DATE; AND A PREHISTORIC PEEP.

[Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE has just excavated the city of Ombi on the Nile, and vindicated JUVENAL's geographical reputation.]

Ecce novi 'st aliquid (*per* FLINDERS PETRIE *Magistrum*)
Ex Africâ semper! Quite like some arch-humourist rum,
Playing with tombs and skulls, he unearths fresh funny surprises,
Scandals of Athor's "past," or long-veiled secrets of Isis.
Now this gravedigger-*Yorick*, this Egypt's new ABERCROMBY,
Scores yet another conquest—he's found out JUVENAL's Ombi,
Found out the next-door neighbours of Nile-washed Tentyra (you will
See in the Fifteenth Satire their truceless, truculent duel).
Thus they lived some ages B.C. (in the thirtieth cent'ry),
Cannibals, six feet high, and long-legged Libyan gentry,
Buried *à la* trussed fowl, with heads on which wavy brown hair rose;
These were the folk who once made things pretty hot for the PHARAOHS.
Dig then, PETRIE, away 'mid potsherds, mummies, and cinders,
Delve on, and add fresh towns to the underground kingdom of
FLINDERS!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HEARTY congratulations from the Baron and his assistants to Mr. H. W. LUCY on his delightful life of Mr. GLADSTONE (W. H. ALLEN & Co). No one certainly has had better opportunities than TOBY, M.P., for studying the great statesman in all his varying moods; and it may be affirmed with equal certainty that no other man (or dog) could have used his opportunities to greater advantage for the benefit of the public. There are in this little volume a tone of easy yet scholarly courtesy, a fine literary touch, and a marvellous power of condensing details into one vividly descriptive sentence. It is an admirable piece of work, which, seeing that it only costs a shilling, ought to be sure of a popularity fully equal to its high merits.

"Bravo TOBY!" says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

CHANGE OF DESCRIPTIVE TITLE.—In the Egyptian explorations, the results of which, so far, have been recently given in Professor PETRIE's lecture, reported in the *Times* of Thursday, April 18, the lecturer tells us how he was accompanied in his researches by Mr. GREENFELL, "The Craven Fellow." How doubly plucky of Professor PETRIE to proceed with such a companion so extraordinarily timorous as is expressed in such a *sobriquet* as "The Craven Fellow." However, he belied his name by showing such pluck and perseverance in rendering assistance to the Professor as will entitle him to explain himself as "*Late* the Craven Fellow," but *now* "the C. F., or Courageous Fellow."

THE JAP IN THE CHINA SHOP.

*Master of the Situation (*Inq.*).* "Now then, you pig-headed old Pigtail, open your Shop—and hand me the Keys!"

SCORCHING.

First Countryman (to third-rate Amateur Jock, whose mount won't have the Fences). "Now then, shove 'im at it agin, Mister! Whoi denged if Oi wouldn't jump that 'ere little Place wi' a Jackass!"

Second Countryman. "Maybe yer would, ma Lad; but yer see that 'ere 'Oss don't seem to care about Jumping wi' a Jackass!"

THE JAP IN THE CHINA SHOP; OR, THE NEW "OPEN SESAME."

["China, properly opened up, would be an El Dorado for mankind. . . . The true conquest effected by the war is the conquest of the right to a market, and that apparently on an enormous scale."
"Daily News" on the terms of Peace between China and Japan.]

Little Jap loquitur:—

Come, wake up, old chap! I'm the go-ahead Jap.
Open Sesame! Yes, that's the word, John!
In your den you would stop, or e'en shut up your shop,
Your proceedings are highly absurd, John!
Spite your bounce and your boast, I have got you on toast,
And thereby, friend John, hangs a *big* tale.
When your carcase I'd wake, I have only to take
A sailor's round turn at your pigtail!
Your notion of shopkeeping's shutter and key.
Since you don't know their use, hand 'em over to *Me!*

For thousands of years your pride and your fears
Have muddled your market completely.
Ah! would you, old slug? But a twist and a tug
Bring you up to your bearings most sweetly.
'Tis no use to kick! You will have to move slick,
Now you've got in the hands of Young Jappy;
Don't you get in a scare for your crockery ware.
Rouse up, open shop, and be happy!
Afraid? Superstitious? Oh, fiddle-de-dee!
Throw open your markets, and leave it to *Me!*

For ever so long you've been going all wrong.
Your Empire is under a shadow;
But well opened up, by ships, railways, and Krupp,
It will turn out a true El Dorado.
Don't fly to your door! Eh? your pigtail is sore?
You think me a cocky invader?
Why you'll find in the end I'm your very best friend,
When I force you to be a free trader.
Blow your grandfather's bunkum, you Heathen Chinee!
Take down all your shutters, and hand *me* the key!

For *my* use alone? you inquire with a groan.
Oh, dear! you *must* be an old duffer!
Excuse me this wink,—but what do *you* think?
Do you hold "Outside Devils" will suffer
The Flowery Land to be locked by my hand,
Any more than by yours, in their faces?
Pig-headed old Pigtail, I fancy I know
How to get into Europe's good graces.
So pay up my millions, you Heathen Chinee!
Throw open your market, and *hand me the key!*

"STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES."

The four strangers were gathered together in the all-but-deserted inn. They were forced to enter into conversation, because the solitary periodical taken in by the landlord had been read from title to imprint by everyone of them.

"A strange article," said the first, as he laid down the *Lancet*. "And so men disappear entirely for awhile, and then come back to their homes and profession as if nothing had happened."

"Extraordinary," murmured the second. "I see that the scientific publication you have just relinquished suggests that the cause of these hurried exits partake of the nature of post-epileptic phenomena." And then the talk went on. The four strangers dined together, supped together, and on the following morning partook in company of breakfast. The waiter, at about eleven o'clock, presented each of them with a note. It came from the landlord, and was full of figures. A weird look appeared on their faces.

"We must move on," said one of the quartette; "but as the staircase is steep, let us descend by the window."

The no-longer-perplexed strangers adopted the suggestion, and gently sliding down a rope, were soon quit of the inn. They walked together for about a quarter of a mile, and then coming to four cross-roads, scattered.

"Dear me," said the landlord of the inn, when he once again found himself alone. "Their disappearance is most strange. I am inclined to agree with the *Lancet*, 'that the phenomenon remains striking and mysterious, interesting in its psychological aspect, but in its concrete form full of practical and medico-legal difficulties;' and, believing this, I must write to the proper authorities." And he sat down and composed two letters. One he addressed to the President of the Royal College of Physicians, and the other to the Editor of *Hue and Cry*.

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

By Dunno Wäbriar.

(Translated from the original Lappish by Mr. Punch's own Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

No. II.—The Illustrious Stranger.

The sky was darkened by swart birds, with tufted tails, and a look in their clay-coloured eyes as of millions of stifled croaks; the rain fell in grizzled sheets like the streaming hair and beard of some Titanic lunatic, and the thunder boomed over the town as if it had just discovered another epoch-making novel.

Night fell; I lit my lamp and closed the shutters, drew my curtains, so as to shut out any gleaming cats' eyes that might be peering at me through the chinks, and mixed myself a tumbler of hot punch.

As I finished it, a wild piercing shriek rose from the universe, as though someone had run a pin into the Great Unknown, and a shining blue-white ball came down the chimney and burnt a hole in the yellow-green gloom of my hearthrug.

I looked up; a strange man was sitting right in front of me. His crested hair had a blue-white gleam, like the electric light in a mountain hotel when the storm is nearly ended; it stuck out in a spiral fringe round his cheeks and chin; his mouth was prim like a purse; but his spectacles twinkled with laughter like the new ferrule on a gingham umbrella.

"I am the Shaker of Society's Pillars, I have discovered that the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil bears nothing but rotten apples. There are milestones on the Bergen road—but I can see through most of them. I am the New Generation knocking at the old stage-door. I am also the Dramatiser of Social Conundrums to which there will never be any answer."

"I fancy I must have dropped off to sleep."

Time passed—a second or an hour. I began to wish he would go.

"I am the great Wizard that has ennobled and purified Humanity by showing that they are all the morbid victims of a diseased heredity. The great fire at Christiania was *not* the fire in which *Mrs. Solness's* nine dolls were burnt. I am he who has emancipated Woman by convincing her that she has the *right* to be hysterical."

Again time passed—an hour or a second. I fancy I must have dropped off to sleep.

"I am he who has broken through the conventions of the well-constructed drama. When we lived at Drontheim, Bernick's gander was stolen by tinkers. I am the original eld, and also the child who instructs the grandmotherly critic in the art of sucking problematic eggs; but I, too, am a master-builder of magnificent bathos."

And again time passed—a second or an hour. I wondered whether he had come to stay the night.

"Read, I am called 'dramatic'; acted, I am called 'impossible.'"

With that the cock crew. The stranger had flown before I had an opportunity of asking him his name or asking him to look in again some evening.

I was rather sorry, for he seemed to have a flow of agreeable small talk, though it was perhaps a little egotistic.

THE WOULD-BE SOLDIER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Why did you become a member of a Volunteer corps?

Answer. With the intention of strengthening our national defences.

Q. Then you think such a proceeding patriotic?

A. Not only patriotic, but necessary.

Q. You probably have some recollection of the French collapse in 1870-71?

A. Yes; but I have been chiefly influenced by considerations of a mathematical character.

Q. Make your meaning plainer.

A. I mean that it stands to reason that as only a small percentage of our people are trained to arms, and ninety-six per cent. of our neighbours are converted into soldiers, the latter, in the case of a quarrel with us, would have the upper hand.

Q. And you think a quarrel entailing the arbitration of the sword might be sprung upon us at any moment?

A. Precisely; that is entirely my opinion.

Q. And, consequently, you take a serious view of Volunteering?

A. Assuredly, or I would not give up most of my leisure time to master drill in all its branches.

Q. Do you obtain any social advantages by wearing the uniform of a Volunteer?

A. No; on the contrary, the grade of a private in the long run causes considerable expense, and the commission of an officer is inseparable from large expenditure and a loss of self-respect.

Q. Why is the holding of a commission of a Volunteer officer "inseparable from a loss of self-respect"?

A. Because, in the general estimation, the holder of a commission in the Volunteers is worthy of ridicule, pity, or contempt.

Q. Can you give the reason for this impression?

A. It is probable that it has been created by the consideration that a Volunteer officer is chaffed by his friends, sneered at by his enemies, and mulcted of much money by his comrades.

Q. Then a Volunteer officer or private usually joins the force from the most patriotic of motives?

A. Certainly. Nine-tenths of the rank and file and their commanding officers wish to qualify as soldiers capable of repelling a foreign invasion.

Q. And this being so, they do not wish to spend three or four days of training in practising "marches past" and other manœuvres of a more or less ornamental character?

A. Quite so; not even when the practice terminates with a review in a royal park, and a salute performed to the strains of the National Anthem.

Q. Nor do the Volunteers desire to be made into a raree show?

A. Not even to make a cockney Bank Holiday.

Q. And if you are told that this is the sort of thing that the Volunteers want, what do you reply?

A. Nonsense.

Q. And if it were added that more serious work would be unpopular, what would be your suggestion?

A. Try and see.

Mem. for Vetoists.—It is the question of "tied" houses which makes the compensation question so knotty.

RAILWAY BALLADS.

I.—THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

A gruesome tale I tell of the
West-Eastern Railway Companee.
"Its virtues few, its faults a score"—
(I quote the view held heretofore).

The chief among its faults, you see,
Is sad unpunctualitee.
Now, gentles all, list what befel
Augustus Hall, of Camberwell.

The Fates were stern, the world unkind;
And this, I learn, unhinged his mind.
Che sarà, sarà! Think how sad!
His evil star it drove him mad!

"If life has no more joy to give,"
Quoth he, "I'll go and cease to live.
Nor yet delay an hour to dine,
But straightway lay me on the line.

"The train now due will end distress—
So haste thee, Two o'clock Express!"
With that he'd gone, nor stayed to snack;
But climbed upon the railway-track.

He waited now two hours—not less;
And yet, I vow, came no express!
And he had nought his pangs to ease.
He wished he'd brought some bread and cheese.

He had to fast. He fain would sup.
The hours flew past. He sate him up.
"'Tis strangely late. I should not mind—
I'd gladly wait—if I had dined.

"If I'd a joint that I could carve,
I'd strain a point; but here to starve!!
May I be hung if e'er I see
Such gross unpunctualitee!

"No gentleman can now depend
On any plan to plan his end."
Twelve hours or more he waited thus.
"A train?" he swore; "an *omnibus!*

"It tarries yet all through the night,
And helps to whet my appetite!"
His hunger grew inside his chest;
With nought to chew, he was—*non est.*

Two days pass by, and then we find
The train draw nigh, three days behind!
Directors sigh, deplore, and frown;
And fine the driver half-a-crown.

"But had I been on time," Jack said,
"Hall's death, I ween, were on my head."
"Quite true, good Jack! Our conscience pricks.
We hand you back your two-and-six!"

Envoi.

Now that is all I have to tell
Of Mr. Hall, of Camberwell.

THESE DULL TIMES.

Lady Gushton (always so agreeable). "And the magnificent Pictures you had here last year,—have you got them all still?"

Mr. Flake Whyte (sadly). "Yes; I have them all."

Lady Gushton. "How very nice! It is so hard to part with one's own Pictures, is it not?"

Mr. Flake Whyte (with much feeling). "Awfully, awfully hard! Sometimes impossible!"

ROBERT AND THE COUNTY COUNSELLS.

Brown and me has been a having sum rare good fun lately. We has managed to see and hear a good deal about the County Counsellers, and werry emusing we finds em to be. They suttenly does manage to quarrell among each other more than I shood have thort posserbel.

There's a depperty Counseller among em who will tork whenever he gets a hoppertunity, yes and keeps the pot a biling, as Brown says, for nearly arf a nour at a time, and then finds hisself beaten into a cocked at, and so has to sit down, while the others has a jolly larf.

Ever so many on em belongs to the Tems Conserwancy, and so we are offen hearing of their going up the River, when there's two much water there, and hoffering to show the poor natives how to get a lot of it away, but from what I hears they don't seem for to be werry sucksessful.

Too or three on em went to the Boat Race the other day and took ever so many Ladies with em, and jolly nicesidinners they had on bord after the Race was over and there wasn't no more fear of no more rane, which had rayther spylt the morning.

It's reel good fun to hear the Counsellers tork about the Copperation nowadays! such a difference to what it was about a year ago! Then it was all bragging and boasting, now it's all begging your pardon, and arsking your grace, and it shant occur again! I never thort tosee such a change, and it's really werry emusing. The two places where they speshally seems not at all at their ease are the Court of Common Counsel and the Manshun House; and in both of these honnerd places the few as wenters in do look uncumferal indeed! and the reel natives don't show them no pitty! not a bit of it, but takes a quiet larf whenever they gits a good chance.

I've herd as one of the Counsellers has been herd to say as there are no less than three on em in the House of Commons, each of em quite equal to the late Speaker, if not shuperior to him, and that it was only beggarly jealousy as prewented them giving them a fare chance!

The same honorable Gent has been herd to say that the County Counsellors was much shuperior to the City Copperation, for it was only last Toosday as they agreed, without a word of remonsterance, to raise no less than two millions of money from next year's rates!

I wunder if it's all trew! Robert.

The Newest Nuisance.—The woman with a past before her.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

"Coot-night, Mrs. Prown. I hav to sank you for de most bleasant Evening I hav effer scherent in my life!" "Oh, don't say that, Herr Schmidt!" "Ach! bot I *do* say dat! I *alvays* say dat!"

THE NEW CONDUCTOR.

["You have been elected by a majority of the House. You are the representative of the whole House."—*Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's speech on the election of Mr. Gully as Speaker.*]

Mr. Punch to Mr. Speaker.

If the Second Fiddle 's satisfied, you 're all right with the First!
The Harp may heed your *bâton*, and as for the Big Drum,
When it booms out on the night with a loud sonorous burst,
That makes the whole proscenium shake and hum;
What matter if the clatter, and the bang and bump and batter,
Keep but time?
If they 're docile to your nod, and obedient to your rod,
The New Conductor's post will be prime!

The Orchestra has doubtless been a little bit at odds,
And what should bring forth harmony has fallen into row;
But, good gracious! there were shines sometimes among the Olympian gods,
And the noisy ones look milk and honey *now*.
The brazen and the windy both outdid Wagnerian shindy,
For a while;
Now there 's calm at wings and middle, and even the First Fiddle
Veils his virtuous indignation with a smile:

The *tutti* did go wrong, all the parts appeared at strife,
They liked the Old Conductor, were in doubt about the New;
And Wh-ter-d's tootling piccolo, and Wh-et-n's wry-neck'd fife,
Went decidedly a little bit askew.
But, in spite of blare and blether, they 're now going well together,
String and reed,
Parchment, and wood, and brass; and it yet may come to pass
That the New Conductor's *début* will succeed.

The Old Conductor's style was perfection, there 's no doubt,
Impossible to beat, and extremely hard to follow;
But the new one seems to know pretty well what he 's about.
A Mercury *can* play, though no Apollo.
So let us cheer all round, as he makes his bow profound!
Tap, tap, tap!
Go the fiddle-bows, in proof that, while welcome shakes the roof,
The orchestra agree to cheer and clap!

Sir, that St. Stephen's Orchestra is mighty hard to lead:
Needs mastery, and dignity, and coolness, and fine ear,
Great was the *bâton*-wielder 'tis your fortune to succeed;
But tackle your big task, Sir, without fear!
Punch trusts the name of Gully on Fame's roll will not shine dully
At the end!
Now tune up string and bow, let the New Conductor know
That he finds in each performer a fair friend!

PARTY POLITICS.

First Man (*conciliatory*). You 're a Tory?

Second Man (*also conciliatory*). Well, no. I 'm a Unionist. Yes, a Unionist. Certainly I don't approve of Home Rule——

First Man. Don't say that. I think well of Home Rule.

Second Man. Oh, do you? Well, I agree with the Liberals in some ways.

First Man. Come to that, in some ways I agree with the Tories. Now take Disestablishment.

Second Man. Ah, that 's just one point where I disagree with the Liberals.

First Man. Well, you may be right. But I should be a Tory if they supported Home Rule.

Second Man. And I should be a Liberal if they didn't want Disestablishment.

First Man. Now, Chamberlain——

Second Man. Ah, yes. Chamberlain——

First Man. He opposes Home Rule.

Second Man. He supports Disestablishment.

[*Left mutually abusing* Mr. Chamberlain.

Fashionable Intelligence.—"The Lord Lieutenant was present at Punchestown for the races. His Excellency and the house party from the Viceregal Lodge, which included Toby, M.P., met with a hearty reception." Naturally. If Toby, M.P. was not made welcome at *Punch's* town, who should be?

City Notes.—*The latest Crushing Report.*—The Londonderry Mine.

THE NEW CONDUCTOR.

"YOU HAVE BEEN ELECTED BY A MAJORITY OF THE HOUSE. YOU ARE THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE."

Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's speech on the election of Mr. Gully as Speaker.

A BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

TRADE BETRAYED.

Returned Anglo-Indian Colonel (to friend of his boyhood). Either your climate is colder than it used to be, or your coals throw out less heat. Which is it?

His Friend. Oh, it's the coals. Rubbishy things, rather. Come from Tomsk in Siberia.

R. A.-I. C. Siberia! They ought to be sent there! But aren't English coals good enough?

His Friend. Oh, yes, they're *good* enough. But then, you see, they're dear. That's the result of the last coal strike.

R. A.-I. C. Oh, I heard about that at Bangalore. Then how about your razors? I bought one yesterday in the Strand. If you believe me, I've only used it once and it's blunt already.

His Friend. "Made in Germany," no doubt. The trade's gone over there, they say.

R. A.-I. C. And boots, now. Why has the pair I got in the City a month ago split open in two places?

His Friend. That's the late boo strike. Cheap American goods have ousted the genuine British article.

R. A.-I. C. (*meditatively*). Ah—heard of the boot strike too at Bangalore. But I didn't find my bootmaker charged me any less than in the old days for 'em. Tell you what, there's only one thing that will save England.

His Friend. What's that?

R. A.-I. C. Why, a new kind of strike altogether. Why shouldn't the strikers *strike striking?* Eh?

His Friend. That never struck me.

[*They part pensively.*

MY PIPE.

I do not now attempt to sing,
With laudatory phrases,
That now, in verse, quite hackneyed thing,
Which poet, painter praises:
Beloved by Turner, Claude, or Cuyp,
The excellent tobacco-pipe.

Nor yet of bagpipes do I write,
Pan's pipes with Punch and Judy,
Or organ ones, because you might
Read books on them, from Mudie,
In varied tongues, in varied type—
On any sort of music pipe.

Nor, plagued of late however much
By bronchial affections,
Do I propose just now to touch,
With medical reflections,
On what Jack Frost delights to gripe,
My choking, wheezing, sore windpipe,

Nor am I speaking now of wine,
Nor yet, from Marryat learning,
Of what the Cockney would define—
Poor A as ever spurning—
"The sime in nime, but not in shipe,"
The pipe of port; the boatswain's pipe.

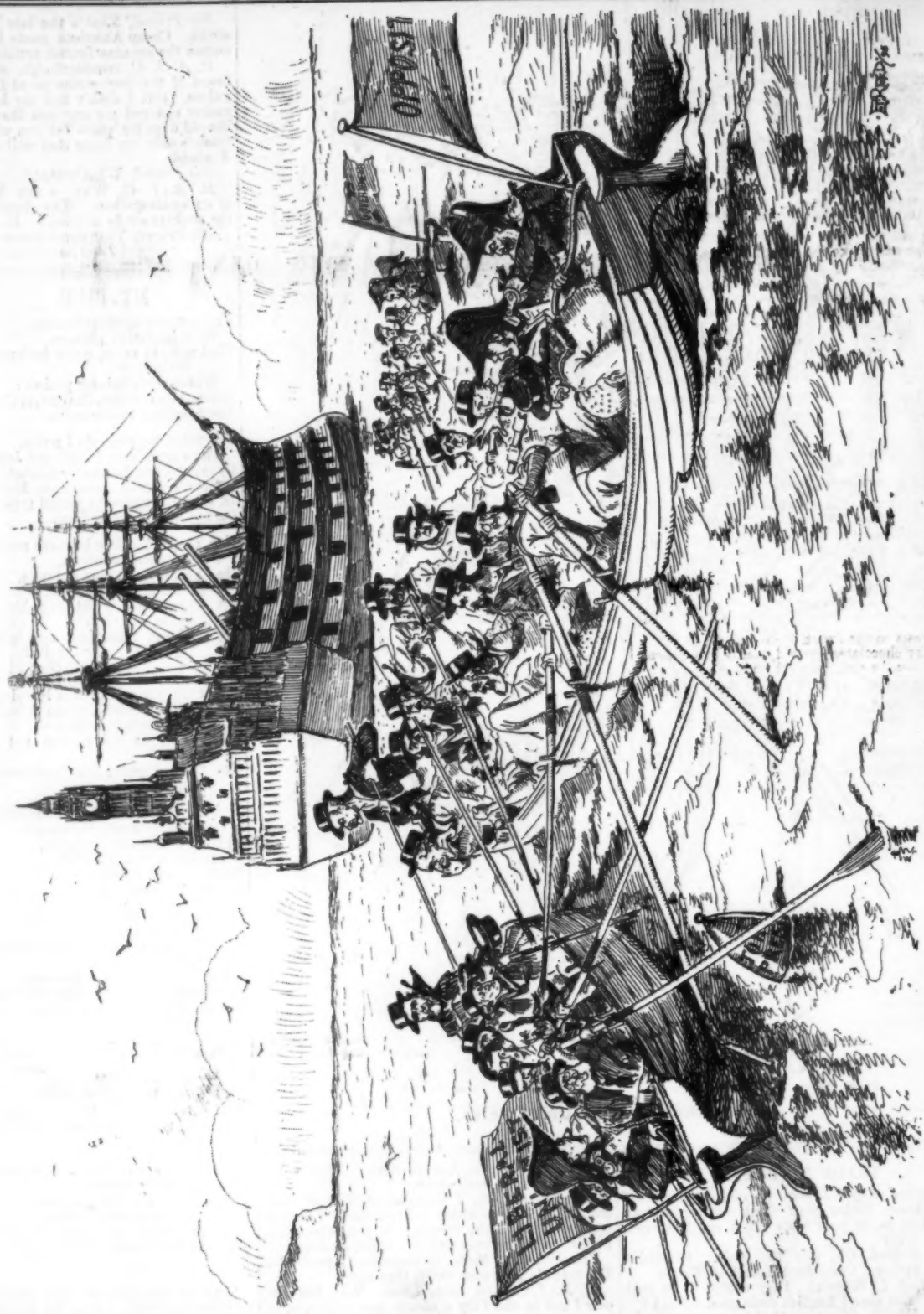
No! Now I sing—but not with praise,
To praise it would be rummer
Than any other sort of craze,
Excepting in a plumber;
I am not such a fool, a "snipe,"
As says the Bard—my water-pipe.

For weeks I could not get a drop
Of water, it was frozen;
When thus congealed the thing would stop,
I spoke as would a boatswain.
For seamen's oaths the time was ripe,
I here translate them—Hang that pipe!

Then suddenly, of course at night,
There came a sudden splashing,
And I, in most unequal fight,
About my bedroom dashing.
With sheets and towels tried to wipe,
Or check, the flood from that vile pipe.

You would not say that frost is fine,
So exquisitely bracing,
If you had had a pipe like mine,
Your ruined home defacing;
On carpet, stain; on paper, stripe;—
Oh, blow that beastly water-pipe!

Song of the Peace Terms (Sung to China).—"Oh, Let us be Jappy together!"



PARLIAMENTARY "LIBERTY MEN" COMING ABOARD AFTER TEN DAYS' LEAVE.

A SONG OF SPRING.

Oh, painters, you who always "come
Before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March"—till May—with some
Atrocious smell of paint, and make
The streets in such a shocking state, you
Are quite a nuisance—how I hate you!

How can I wear in peace a neat,
Silk hat, and coat of decent black,
When, passing you in any street,
Your paint may tumble on my back,
Or I may smash, which might be sadder,
My hat against your sloping ladder?

How can the spring delight my mind,
How can I like the budding trees,
The butterflies of any kind?
A Painted Lady could not please
In any way the mental man,
Were I a painted gentleman.

How can I like the balmy air,
How dream of violets in bloom,
When paint-pots swing aloft and scare
With visions of impending doom?
I'm mad and hot—quite crimson madder—
With dodging each successive ladder.

TO A BANTLING.

(*Lines written to a Lady who "Banted."*)

Some rhymes to make you laugh? I can't
Drop, Wegg-like, into rhyme instanter.
It's easiness itself to bant,
Comparatively hard to banter.

The many pretty things I'd say,
The pleasant thoughts I'd like to utter,
I may not do, it seems to-day—
You scorn the bare idea of *butter!*

"Sweets to the sweet." Not long ago,
Why chocolates—you'd gladly greet them.
Now you've abandoned them, and so
You never (hardly ever) eat them.

To see you drink hot water—that
The very stoniest heart would soften,
You evidently think it flat,
You're in it—aren't you—much too often?

Yet whether 9st. 12, as when
You weighed that day at Margate Station,
Or 10st. 7, or 7st. 10,
I can't pretend to indignation.

To bant from early morn till late
May be, of course, supremely right of you;
But if you feel oppressed by weight,
Would it not do if we made light of you?

Though that I swear I will not do,
Let others, if they like, make bold to—
I merely write these rhymes for you,
I *always* do just what I'm told to!

But if you cease to peak and pine
(For Time the Banting Conscience hardens),
You will not fail to drop a line—
My chambers are in Temple Gardens.

SEXOMANIA.

By an Angry Old Buffer.

"When Adam delved and Eve span,"
No one need ask which was the man.
Bicycling, footballing, scarce human,
All wonder now "Which is the woman?"
But a new fear my bosom vexes;
To-morrow there may be *no* sexes!
Unless, as end to all the pother,
Each one in fact becomes the other.
E'en *then* perhaps they'll start amain
A-trying to change back again!
Woman *was* woman, man *was* man,
When Adam delved and Eve span.
Now he can't dig and she won't spin,
Unless 'tis tales all slang and sin!

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

"What is it, Nurse?"
"If you please, Ma'am, the Children *will* make Slides on the Floor with Tapioca Pudding!"

OSTRICH FEATHERS.

["The magnificent ostrich at the Zoological Gardens, presented by the Queen, has recently died from lung-disease."—*Daily Paper.*]

My eyes are wet with dewy tears,
That will not cease to flow.
Like Mary's little lamb, my grief
Somehow is sure to go
Wherever I do. It all comes
From something that I've read,
The ostrich that I loved so well
Fell ill, and now is dead.

"Magnificent" indeed, it was.
I never ceased to take
A pride in its magnificence
For its own special sake.
But added unto this there was
An extra joy. I mean
That loyalty asks ardour for
A present from the Queen.

Oh! ostrich, I have often thought
Your smile childlike and bland,
And speculated if it's true
That right down in the sand
You really *do* conceal your head.
But even though that's wrong,
It seems without a lung for life
You could not live for long.

My wife and I delight to hear
Our wee girl's merry laugh,
As she's astride the elephant
Or feeding the giraffe.
But ostrich—regal, lung-gone, dead!,
When we are at the Zoo,
My wife's best hat will always serve
To turn my thoughts to you.

CARMENCITA.

(*An Impression.*)

"O east is east, and west is west
And never the twain shall meet."
And the dance of Spain is one of the twain
To the English Man in the Street.

We love the trick of the lofty kick
And the muscular display
Of the nymph who has leapt at a muslin hoop
And stopp'd in her flight half-way.

A plain, blunt girl in the stormy swirl
Of accordion pleats and laces,
Tho' she cannot dance, if she spin and prance,
Is numbered among the Graces.

For heel and toe our hearts can glow
And the feats of the rhythmic clog,
And a poem of motion wells forth in the notion
Of a Serpentine Dancing Dog.

But the dancer's art, of her life a part,
A song of the wordless soul
With a tale to tell, like the music's swell,
Too large for the word's control,

That goes not down in London town
Where dogg'd conventions stick,
And dancers still must charm with frill,
Or "make shymnastic drick."

As the jungle king with his wrathful spring,
To the lamb that aptly bleats,
As the trumpet's blare to the palsied air
Of that which plays in pleats,

So is east to west, with its sun-born zest,
With fire at the quick heart's core,
And passions bold as the ardent gold
Of the sun on a southern shore.

THE BALLAD OF THE KAISER'S MERCY.

(*In brief.*)

"The sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise."
Henry the Fourth, Part I., Act ii., Sc. 3.

A quarrel, anything but pretty,
Cannot be healed by parmaceti.
But honour, bruised in the leg,
Finds sovereign solace in an egg.

REFLECTIONS OF A STATESMAN.

Saturday.—Things looking queer. Leamington in a ferment, Tories denouncing *me*. Like their impudence. Must order Arthur Balfour to stop this nonsense, and bring rebels to reason. I shall want Hythe thrown into the bargain. Balfour must write more letters. If our little lot are to get nothing out of all this, what's the use of having sacrificed principles and Courtney? Obviously none. Jesse Collings quite agrees. Says the Tories will repent, when it is too late, of having refused to submit to the greatest, wisest, most generous and noblest statesman of this or any other age, past or future. Wonderful amount of sense in Jesse. Shall make him Governor-General of India, or First Lord of Admiralty.

Monday.—Have seen Balfour. Says he can do nothing at Leamington. Wanted me to withdraw Liberal Unionist candidate. Me! The mere notion ridiculous. Told him so. Also asked him how about Compact. He said "Compact be ——" At this moment Goschen came in, and interrupted. Balfour said missing word was "observed." Goschen full of sympathy, but said he could do nothing. Shall not allow him to be Chancellor of Exchequer again. Shall be Chancellor of Exchequer myself. Letter in *Times* from Geoffrey Drage, saying kind things about me. Rather patronising, but well meant. Shall make Drage Home Secretary.

Tuesday.—Letter in *Times* from Lord Teynham attacking me on account of vote on Welsh Disestablishment. Even a fool of a lord might know a man can't wriggle out of everything, and can't please everybody. Have written to Salisbury ordering him to throw Teynham into the Tower as soon as Unionist Government in power. If he refuses, shall accept Premiership myself and execute Teynham on Tower Hill. Leamington still raging. If this goes on shall march at head of Birmingham Fencibles and raze Leamington to the ground—all except three houses said to belong to Liberal Unionists. That'll teach them to oppose *me*.

Wednesday.—Letter in *Times* from Byron Reed. Says I'm not so bad as they want to make me out. Nice sensible fellow Byron. Shall make him Minister of Agriculture. Have sent ultimatums to Salisbury, Balfour, Akers-Douglas, Michael Hicks-Beach, and Chaplin, ordering them to retire from public life. Shall run the show on entirely different lines with Austen and Jesse to help me. Have heard from editor of *New Review*, who refuses to disclose name of author, of an attack on me. Have sent Henry James to editor with new patent rack and thumbscrews. But there, my name's easy. Never could bear malice. Always forgive everybody.... Notes from Salisbury, Balfour & Co. They refuse to retire. Henry James returns. Editor broke rack and threw thumbscrews out of window. A very rude man, Henry James says. Gully elected Speaker. I'm off to Birmingham.

* * * * * *

Later.—Letter from Hart Dyke in the *Times*. A good fellow. Hart Dyke. But why, in the name of screw-nails, should they all presume to patronise *me*?

* * * * * *

Letter in *Standard* from Stanley Boulter. Must stop that kind of nonsense. Leading article in *Standard*. Usual futilities: "We fully recognise loyal services, but on the present occasion," &c. Shall refuse peerage and retire to Central Australia with Jesse to found a Me-colony. Sick of the whole show.

QUEER QUERY.—Any Advance?—I see that at the Shop Assistants' Conference at Cardiff it was said that what shop-workers ought to go in for was a "Forward Policy." Surely this must be a mistake? If there is one thing that everybody objects to, it is forward young men and women behind the counter. One often hears the shop-walker say, "Will you come forward, Miss Jones, and serve this lady!" And perhaps *that* was what the Cardiff people were thinking of. Can this be the true explanation? I sincerely hope so; I don't want a "forward" young person, a sort of "independent labour party," slamming down goods for *me* to inspect!—Alarmed.

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